THE DAYSPRING.

"The dayspring from on high hath visited us."

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AUTUMN TRAVELLERS.

AUTUMN TRAVELLERS.

As soon as the cool weather of autumn comes, there is always great hurrying home on the part of the summer residents on the sea-shore and in the mountains. The trains are laden with people on their way south and west, where their snug houses are ready to receive them and keep them comfortable, while the fierce blasts of winter ravage the northern hills and freeze the spray that dashes up from the ocean.

Great hotels that were full of life and gayety are now deserted. Whole villages are entirely depopulated. What a packing of trunks there was! What a paying of bills! What crowds at the dépôts! What hand-shakings, and what a Babel of voices!

But these are not all of the autumn travellers. Millions that did not patronize hotels, but built little homes for themselves in leafy bowers, or in the green grass, or on rocks, or in the sand, or lived in little cottages built for them by friendly hands, have taken up their line of march southward. Our northern woods and fields and gardens are deserted of the myriad bright-winged songsters who have enlivened and gladdened the summer days. These, too, dread the northern blasts. The leafy pavilions under which they have lived will be swept away, and the snow will fill their nests.

But down south there are forests dark with foliage, meadows green with verdure and bright with flowers. To the south land they hasten. While winter reigns in the north, they will find their home along the shores of the Gulf, in Mexico, and in tropical lands.

It is a very long journey many of them take, but they know how to travel with ease and comfort. They want no iron roads or puffing locomotives. They know how to float in the light air, and bear themselves on with greater than express-train speed. Over forests, swamps, lakes, and sometimes seas, they go, straight to the summer skies and flowery lands they seek. How they laugh at the clumsy men, building huge balloons, that they, too, may sail along with the clouds! They have no fear that their right of way through the airy regions will ever be interfered with!

There were some excitement and commotion when they were getting ready for their journey. Large family parties were held in some grove or tree, or on the spire and roof of some church, or on the roof of a barn away a little from dwellings. Just for the fun, and for a little practice in flying together, these various parties would sail around in the air, alighting on this tree and then on that. What a rustle from their hundreds of wings as they started up from roof or tree!

There was no trunk-packing The travellers wore their best feathers, and never cared to pick up the few old ones that had been dropped. There were no bills to be paid. He who made the world, He who cares for the sparrows, had fed all out of the great store-house of his bounty. There was no need of collecting provisions for the journey, for He would still supply as the travellers had need.

When they were ready to start, they rose up into the air, and moved on with light weight and light hearts. Some of the flocks went straight to their southern homes, while others lingered on the way in the warm valleys.

Happy travellers! Our best wishes are with you. But we shall look eagerly for your return when the wintry days are over, and the south wind swells the buds and wakens the flowers.

READ, not for amusement, but for instruction.

JESUS AT NAZARETH.

[FROM LONGFELLOW'S "DIVINE TRAGEDY."]

CHRISTUS, *reading in the Synagogue.*

The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me,
He hath anointed me to preach good tidings
Unto the poor; to heal the broken-hearted;
To comfort those that mourn, and to throw open
The prison doors of captives, and proclaim
The Year Acceptable of the Lord, our God!

He closes the book and sits down.

A PHARISEE.

Who is this youth? He hath taken the Teacher's seat!
Will he instruct the Elders?

A PRIEST.

Fifty years
Have I been Priest here in the Synagogue,
And never have I seen so young a man
Sit in the Teacher's seat!

CHRISTUS.

Behold, to-day
This scripture is fulfilled. One is appointed
And hath been sent to them that mourn in Zion,
To give them beauty for ashes, and the oil
Of joy for mourning! They shall build again
The old waste places; and again raise up
The former desolations, and repair
The cities that are wasted! As a bridegroom
Decketh himself with ornaments; as a bride
Adorneth herself with jewels, so the Lord
Hath clothed me with the robe of righteousness!

A PRIEST.

He speaks the Prophet's words; but with an air
As if himself had been foreshadowed in them!

CHRISTUS.

For Zion's sake I will not hold my peace,
And for Jerusalem's sake I will not rest
Until its righteousness be as a brightness,
And its salvation as a lamp that burneth!
Thou shalt be called no longer the Forsaken,
Nor any more thy land, the Desolate.
The Lord hath sworn, by his right hand hath sworn,
And by his arm of strength: I will no more
Give to thine enemies thy corn as meat;
The sons of strangers shall not drink thy wine.
Go through, go through the gates! Prepare a way
Unto the people! Gather out the stones!
Lift up a standard for the people!

A PRIEST.

Ah!
These are seditious words!

CHRISTUS.

And they shall call them
The holy people; the redeemed of God!
And thou, Jerusalem, shall be called Sought out,
A city not forsaken!

A PHARISEE.

Is not this
The carpenter Joseph's son? Is not his mother
Called Mary? and his brethren and his sisters
Are they not with us? Doth he make himself
To be a Prophet?

CHRISTUS.

No man is a Prophet
In his own country, and among his kin.
In his own house no Prophet is accepted.
I say to you, in the land of Israel
Were many widows in Elijah's day,
When for three years and more the heavens were shut,
And a great famine was throughout the land;
But unto no one was Elijah sent
Save to Sarepta, to a city of Sidon,
And to a woman there that was a widow.
And many lepers were there in the land
Of Israel, in the time of Eliseus
The Prophet, and yet none of them was cleansed,
Save Naaman the Syrian!

A PRIEST.

Say no more!
Thou comest here into our Synagogue
And speakest to the Elders and the Priests,
As if the very mantle of Elijah
Had fallen upon thee! Art thou not ashamed?

A PHARISEE.

We want no Prophets here! Let him be driven
From Synagogue and city! Let him go
And prophesy to the Samaritans!

AN ELDER.

The world is changed. We Elders are as nothing!
We are but yesterdays, that have no part

Or portion in to-day! Dry leaves that rustle,
That make a little sound, and then are dust!

A PHARISEE.

A carpenter's apprentice! a mechanic,
Whom we have seen at work here in the town
Day after day; a stripling without learning,
Shall he pretend to unfold the Word of God
To men grown old in study of the Law?

CHRISTUS *is thrust out.*

For The Dayspring.

THE BLIND BOY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

(*Continued from page* 181.)

CHAPTER XIII. — *A Singular Meeting.*

FOR a long time Mrs. Tuba had wanted to give her children some little pleasure, such as they had never had before. A company of circus-riders and rope-dancers had just arrived at the Bath, and the bounty of the prince enabled her to gratify her wish and please her children.

Even the music, before the performance, put Raphael into a glow of delight, and soon the show fixed his attention. Such wonders he had never thought possible. A rope was stretched thirty or forty feet from the ground, and on it a man walked backwards and forwards as easily as if he were on the floor. How Raphael trembled when the man began his neck-breaking feats on the small rope! First he stood on his head; then he held on with one foot, and swung himself round like a windmill; at last, he drew up a little table and a chair, and sat down and ate a dinner. Raphael was filled with wonder. After this was over, the horses and riders came. They drove the horses four-in-hand, they made them leap logs and ropes, and the riders jumped through hoops, and came down on the horses all safe and just at the right instant; and last of all they had a little comedy, where there were a big and a little clown. The children pitied the little fellow ever so much, because he seemed, from his dress and manners, to be quite new to such performances. An involuntary cry escaped Magdalene, as a harder kick than usual threw his cap off, and his face was fully exposed to view.

"O mother, mother!" she whispered, "the little clown is surely Ernst, the Court Secretary's son."

This Mrs. Tuba considered impossible; but Magdalene insisted upon it the more she observed the boy, and she could scarcely wait for the performance to be over in order to try to speak with him. But in this she was disappointed. She had to go home unsatisfied; but early the next morning she persuaded her mother to go with her to the tent of the circus. She was so fortunate as to meet the little clown before the door, carrying a pail of water. Sure enough, it was Ernst in his every-day clothes. As Magdalene bade him a friendly good-morning, he started, and almost dropped his pail. He turned his face aside, and did not intend to answer her; but she seized him by the hand, and looked earnestly into his face, now red with shame.

"Don't you know your poor friend Magdalene?" she demanded of the boy, who scarcely knew which way to turn.

"Good-morning, Magdalene," he said at length.

"How did you get among the rope-dancers?" she asked.

"I am going to be a circus-rider," answered Ernst; "it is a glorious life, — music every day, fire-works, shows, and crowds of spectators. A hundred dollars and more taken in in one night. And then besides, one travels all round the world, through all

lands and cities; and it's really lively here, and I can ride all I want to for nothing."

"Beautiful clothes!" said Magdalene, — as he paused in his description, which he seemed to be uttering as much to reassure himself as to convince her, — "beautiful clothes! I haven't seen you wear them either yesterday or to-day; and pretty heavy blows you got last night: you were thrown about from one corner to the other."

"That was only play," said Ernst.

"For such play," she answered bravely, "I wouldn't thank any one. Why, all the ribs in your body must hurt you to-day! — and you could easily break your neck too."

"I only wonder," said Mrs. Tuba, "that your parents could have given their consent to such a step."

"My parents?" said Ernst, "Oh, they'll be glad to have one less mouth to fill."

"Child," said Mrs. Tuba sternly, "it isn't possible that you are here without the consent of your parents!"

Ernst was thoroughly embarrassed.

"I wanted to spare any good-bys, and then, perhaps, my father would have opposed my being a circus-rider; but when I return a great man, with horses and carriages, and rich, he will certainly be contented."

"Unhappy child!" cried Mrs. Tuba, "do you dream that any amount of riches can make your parents forget their anxiety about you, their torturing cares, the awful sorrow that your conduct will prepare for them? Is this the way that you reward them for all the numberless benefits that they have showered upon you from your earliest infancy? Would you return it all by turning their whole lives into sorrow and regret?

"But," said Ernst, "I'm not out of the world. Suppose I'd had a fever or something, and" —

"Listen," said Mrs. Tuba, "to what I am going to say. When God, who has showered so many blessings upon us, takes one of these blessings away from us, — as a child, — we are beside ourselves with grief; although we have the consolation of knowing that that dear one is far better taken care of in heaven, and far happier than here on earth. Yet in such a case we have the certainty that we shall see the child again, safe and uninjured. But how much more unhappy must parents be to know that their child has wilfully deserted them, to throw himself among low people, who destroy not only the body, but corrupt the soul of their child, and bring them sorrow through all their lives."

Here a rough voice called: "Holloa there, rascal! Where are you? I'll break your bones with my whip if you don't come quick. Halloa here!"

Ernst turned pale, and trembled from head to foot."

"It's the keeper," he said; "he's always drunk early in the morning. It's best to keep out of his way."

"Unhappy boy," said Mrs. Tuba, "into whose hands have you fallen? When did your parents ever use such words to you? When did they ever treat you as you were treated yesterday, even in play? Have you ever received any thing but kindness at their hands?"

"Oh," said Ernst, "afternoons and evenings it is better; then I get whiskey to drink, and sometimes wine, to make me gay for the performance."

"But, I should think," continued Mrs. Tuba, "that each drop would be like gall to you when you think of your mother. Like fire must the thought of the tears of your mother sink into your heart. When you lie down to sleep, do you not hear her longing entreaties to you to return? Do you not see her arms stretched out to find you? Your true, beautiful mother, who has watched over you in sickness and health, and

whose heart is now breaking in sorrow for your loss and your desertion!"

Ernst wept bitterly.

"Look at your limbs: they are young and strong, but they will be weakened and bent, perhaps broken, and if you fall ill who will nurse you? The circus men? Oh, no! they will leave you anywhere. I am almost forty years old, and I have never yet seen a rich rope-dancer or circus-rider, or ever heard of one. They are either used up in their youth, or beggars in their old age. Turn back, my child, turn back, while there is yet time."

"I have often wanted to," sobbed Ernst, "but I cannot; the man would not let me go."

"Do you not see," said Mrs. Tuba, "how you fulfil the saying in the Bible, 'Whoever sins becomes the slave of sin'? You are the slave of a hard, wicked master. Leave this, dear Ernst, and come back to your father."

"Ah!" sighed Ernst, "I dare not do that. He is angry. He will shut the door upon me.

"Oh, don't you know your loving father better? Do you not know the story of the Prodigal Son? *Your* father too will receive you with open arms."

Mrs. Tuba talked and reasoned with him in this way for some time, and at last he confessed that it was not always so very comfortable with him as he had pretended. He had often to sleep in the stables with the horses; and that his exercises each day were often like tortures, so that he could not sleep at night.

Mrs. Tuba considered it best to keep the boy in her sight, and to keep the influence over him that she had now gained; so she persuaded him to put the pail in the tent, and to come with her immediately.

Ernst did so.

Through the influence of Dr. Pollock every thing was arranged with the circus-riders, and in a few days the little family set out on their homeward journey.

For The Dayspring.

THE LITTLE COUSINS.

BY E. P. C.

CHAPTER XIV.

TOPSHAM, December, 1868.

DEAR MADGE, — Biddy laughed and I jumped to hear your dolly was safe and sound. I only wish it had been my luck to be rolled up and taken to Boston. Mother says Ping Wing's manners have not improved by her visit, nor her grammar, for she put herself before Mr. Place's brother, describing going into the gutter. Still, in the end, her journey may do her good. And mother says that you are too full of fear, and I too full of hope; and that it would be good for you to print in large letters, and pin up in your room: "What we dread is sometimes a blessing in" — there I forget, but it means under a cloak. She says I ought to pin up: "Look before you leap."

Madge, I'd give my old shoes to go to Boston; they're cracked, and slit, and scuffed. How nice to be a shoemaker! How grand to be as rich as Lyddy Ashby, and kick off my boots with such an air, and say, "Plenty more where those came from!" If I were a queen, I'd have boots for every day. I dread telling mother that mine are wearing out. Well, there's one comfort; I never spoke to my dear little mother more than once or twice as Lyddy — but I will not talk of that, for my beam is pretty big.

Madge, only to be a butterfly for an hour, and talk over Christmas gifts! — but mother says butterflies could not live in this weather. Biddy is no good for advice: she says yes to whatever I say. It would be coals to

Newcastle to give mother a worsted present. Three fifty cents will not buy for all my friends. Aunt Louisa will like to hear that mother has found a new way of making money. Mrs. Ashby noticed the pretty vase painted with damask roses ("like Lou's cheeks," said Mrs. Ashby), and engaged six, at five dollars apiece. I wish I hadn't any cheeks, I'm so tired of people calling them red, — only I don't.

Didn't we have a snow-falling day, yesterday, — great flakes! Lyddy's cat looked sweet in the snow. Mother can't part with Bridget, and Bridget hates cats. But sometimes Lyddy's dear Maltese comes over here. And yesterday she capered in the snow, trying to catch the flakes. She acted as if she thought it was snowing to amuse *her*. She swallowed it as if it had been ice-cream. I wish I had one now that would fill a pitcher! It is pussy's first snow. I shall watch next winter to see if she does the same. If I were an old maid, my house should be full of cats, they'd look so cunning pattering up and down stairs.

This morning was dull, and a boy carrying pig parings walked lame, for the snow had frozen into lumps. Two of the dearest squirrels were seated on the gate-post, their breasts white, paws held up, tails spread like mantles over their backs, — not old-fashioned, like my winter sack.

Madge, in our cottage I must speak for six squirrels. Mother thinks the cats would eat them; but, no, we shall have milk enough for the cats, and Biddy to milk the cow, baby having gone to college.

Lyddy's Boston was not like Ping Wing's. Lyddy went to a fair, hung round with flags. She said the Great Organ would make twenty of ours. I wish it would make one. Ours is as broken-winded as grandma's old bellows. Lyddy says the women in Washington Street look as gay as their peacocks, and the girls wear loosened braids down their backs. I don't know what you can do about your curls; for if you were to stretch them on a cushion for hours, the minute they were free they'd curl again. Mother says girls must be thankful to have hair straight or curly. Come to think of it, we must choose animals that will agree. Write, and tell me what yours are to be.

SLATER TO PING WING.

If one is lost, it is as well to be found. I knew you would be; well people fall on their feet. I wish winter lasted the year round. The cold braces my nerves. The boys' fire on the creek, frozen over, is as pretty as a torch-light procession, and keeps the boys away. If Lou has skates at Christmas, she promises to take me on the ice. By all accounts Boston folks are as mad as March hares, and I shall keep out of that Babel.

DEAR MADGE, — Slater's a scrap envious about Boston, and so am I. Not that I'd give up the snow in Topsham, but I'd like to run through the streets. Old Mrs. Ashby said she was surprised at me: when isn't she? "The last place for one to go was where people no longer walked, but ran, and would soon fly." Then I said I would rather wait; and she said I was very impertinent. And mother said it sounded so; and that the old lady wasn't all wrong, and she wished there was a little rest.

Rabbits for one? A donkey for two? No; you wouldn't have the heart to want that noisy creature, nor peacocks. No; I'm safe there. But be sure and write what kind you will like in our happy family, where there will be no quarrelling.

Your loving cousin,

LOU HASELTINE.

THE harder the wood the higher the polish.

For The Dayspring.

"LIKE THIS LITTLE CHILD."

"Whosoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven."

"As this little child!" What a happy child he must have been as he looked on the faces of the wondering people around him, and then, turning to Jesus, met the kind smile of his friend! He might not understand what the words meant, but the look of love he knew very well.

We know how children loved Jesus, how instinctively they came to him, and how he loved them; but this little one must have been particularly dear to him. I do not believe he took *any* child that happened to be near him; I think he knew this one, had seen him at home and with his playmates, and knew of what manner of spirit he was.

Let us imagine, children, what kind of a child this must have been. Though the Bible says no more about him, I think we can easily tell what he was. Which one of your school-mates would you select as the one Jesus would choose if he were here now, and wanted to tell the people that they must become like "this little child" before they could enter the kingdom of heaven? Do you not think at once of the very happiest, most unselfish, best one amongst them all? One whom all the teachers have perfect faith in, and whom all the scholars love? This little one must have been one of these universal favorites, as good, thoroughly good, children always are. Besides this he had a perfect faith in the power and love above him, — a faith so easy to a child, so hard sometimes to a grown person.

Now, children, ask yourselves one more question: Would Jesus have chosen you?

Imagine you are standing close to him, looking up into his face as that little one did nearly two thousand years ago. Do you not believe he went home determined to grow up just as nearly like his friend as he could? I think this little child, at his play, his work, or his study, often thought of Jesus as he was when a boy, and asked himself: "What would he do now in my place?" And do you believe he was cross, or selfish, or lazy, after thinking of this?

Will you not try this way, children? Think of Jesus as of your own age, and remember how as he grew older he grew better and better, and more of a favorite with his companions, his parents, and our Father.

L.

AN "OLD BOY."

A GENTLEMAN, taking the school census in one of our cities, entered a house where he found the mistress to be an old lady one hundred and twelve years old. Upon asking her if there were any children in the house, she answered that there was one boy, at work in another room. "How old is he?" "*Eighty-one years.*" The census-taker didn't enrol him. It was evident he was beyond the school-age.

"WHEN thou forgivest, the man who has pierced thy heart stands to thee in the relation of the sea-worm that perforates the shell of the muscle, which straightway closes the wound with a pearl." Jean Paul.

THE best way to drive bad thoughts from the mind is to let good ones in.

As words can never be recalled, speak only such as you will never wish to recall.

WHOSO despiseth the day of small things will never attain great things.

THE little girl's definition of faith: — "Doing God's will and asking no questions."

THE PICNIC.

THE PICNIC.

WHAT good times we do have in the summer days! How happy it makes us to think of them when the warm days are gone! When the big snows come and pile up the high drifts, it is pleasant to think of the green woods, and the happy hours we had in them.

Great picnics and little picnics there have been. But nothing can be nicer than the little picnics. A few little friends put up a fine lunch in a basket, and start off for a day or a half-day in the woods, with an older sister or brother.

Or sometimes father will leave his work for a day, or a piece of a day, and take mother and all the children into the woods. After a ramble, picking berries and flowers, all gather in a clean, cool spot. The white cloth is spread upon the grass. A chain of oak leaves is laid around for a border. Oak leaves, or beech, or hickory, are made into plates, or into mats for the plates to rest upon. Here and there are little bunches of wild-flowers. Then the good things from the basket are put in their proper places.

What a table! Never was any thing so beautiful. What a meal! Never was any thing eaten with more relish.

The picture will remind our little readers of the picnic parties they have enjoyed. What a lovely spot is there shown! See the grass-plat, the great rock, the branching trees, the quiet stream.

But why are the girls sitting or lying so still? Just now they were talking and laughing, and were as merry as birds. Do you see those boys just beyond the rock? They have come down to the brook to have some fun wading. The girls don't want the boys to know they are there. That is why they are so still.

The boys, though, have seen a part of a dress, and the top of a hat, and know there are girls there. They are telling each other in a low tone. But the boys are all right, and will soon go away.

A FRUIT FESTIVAL.

WHERE? At the Children's Mission, 277 Tremont Street, Boston. You all know the place, though you may never have seen it. You have heard of the good it does. Away out in the far West, and almost everywhere in the East, are those it has helped. Some of them are now men and women, and how they do love the Mission.

Every year it takes children who have no parents to care for them, children whose parents cannot care for them, and gives them a home in its beautiful building, till it can find homes for them in pleasant country places, where they will be cared for, and taught as other children are taught.

Rev. Joseph E. Barry is at the head of this Mission. He has been its working-man from the beginning. He knows the poor people of Boston as very few know them. He has a wife who works with him; and how hard they do work to help the poor, help them so as to do them real good!

Now, he has the Rev. I. F. Waterhouse to help him in his work. Besides helping in Boston, Mr. Waterhouse goes about from place to place, visiting Sunday schools, preaching from pulpits, telling the young and the old of the good this Mission is doing, and of the good it wants to do, and asking them to give of their means to sustain it. And they always do give; for no one can hear about the Children's Mission without loving it; and they cannot love it without giving to help it.

But what about the fruit festival? This: Mr. Barry has a Mission Sunday school. In this are not only the children of the Home, but children from some distance around, who need the instruction this school offers them.

Wednesday evening, September 24, we went into the pleasant chapel connected with the Mission, and there were the school and its friends, almost filling the chapel. In front was a large table loaded with grapes, apples, pears, and peaches. Beautiful autumn leaves, tastefully arranged, added to the beauty of the fruit.

The children spoke pieces and sang, and interested every one present. Then Mr. Barry set some of the friends to making speeches. But these friends were very considerate. They knew the children were already hungry enough for the fruit, and were not a bit hungry for words. So they made very short speeches.

Mr. Barry appointed waiters to carry round the fruit. We begged to serve with them, and obtained permission. The apples went; the pears went; the peaches went. The faces brightened; the eyes snapped; and the pockets filled. There was not a sour face in the whole lot. No girl cried because she did not have a peach; and no boy was grouty because he did not get an apple. Each took what came and was satisfied.

Mrs. Barry, good careful woman, did not want grape-skins on the floor of the chapel, so she got a lot of paper bags, and put a bunch of grapes in each bag; and after the dismission, as the boys and girls filed out each received a bag of grapes. And thus ended a very happy occasion.

Every story has a moral. What is the moral of this? Certain kinds of fruit are very abundant this season. Much of it will decay, and be of no advantage to any one. Yet there are hundreds and thousands of hungry mouths in our cities. Cannot some way be found to bring the fruit and the mouths together?

For The Dayspring.

LETTER FROM THE SEA-SHORE.

SOUTH HARWICH, MASS., Sept. 15, 1873.

Dear Little Dayspring Folks: —

I promised you another letter for this month from the sea-shore, didn't I? Well, as I intend to do as I promised, here begins a letter for you.

Now if I could be sure that all of the little gray, blue, black, and brown eyes that read this had looked out upon the broad blue ocean, I could talk to you a deal better; but I suppose you haven't. Why, when I was a little girl I thought everybody had seen the sea and every thing belonging thereto, because I had always seen them from a child; and when I grew older, and learned that hundreds of men, women, and children had never seen a square inch of salt water, I thought they must be poor, and though I am

older now, and know the reason why, I still think they must feel poor.

Why, it seems to me, that if I were born in a place out of sight of the grand old ocean, I should begin to save every cent I could earn or have given me, till I possessed a sum large enough to take me where I could set my foot upon its shore and watch the grand old waves piling in upon it, one after the other. I never should be content till the water had plashed over my feet, and its salt winds browned my face.

You who have never seen any thing but gentle little rivers have no idea of the vastness of the ocean.

Where I wrote you last month, the harbor was one of the best in New England. This one is not so good. If a storm came on, vessels were perfectly safe down there. Here it is not so. They are apt to come ashore, to drift upon each other during a high wind; but vessels are almost constantly in sight from my window.

They come in deeply loaded with fish, which the men have been a long way for. They put them in boats and send them ashore, where they are washed clean, and spread upon "flakes." I suppose some of you can only think of snow-flakes, but these flakes are nothing so frail. Let me see; how can I describe them to you! Can you imagine long tables with the tops made of laths? well, these are so, and are about nine or ten feet long and five or six feet wide. Just imagine hundreds and hundreds of these tables set along the fields a little way from the shore, and you have an idea of where fish are "made." They are spread upon these flakes for a few days and dried, and then are shipped on board vessels which have come from Boston, New York, and other cities for them. The men who "make the fish," as it is called, have to be very careful lest they are left upon the flakes in too hot a sun and so get "burnt;" for then they drop to pieces and will not bring so good a price; and they have to get them under cover in the "fish-house" if it looks like rain.

A great deal of watching and handling has to be gone through with before a fish is ready for your cook to prepare for your dinner. But the prettiest fish sight that ever I saw was on one cool spring evening, when I went down to the wharf to see the packing of fresh mackerel. First came boats loaded with mackerel which had but just been caught. A bright moon was shining upon the waters and upon the men as they threw them in big piles upon the wharf. They were then thrown into a house built upon the wharf and called a "pack shed."

Here was a large gang of men in their shirt-sleeves ready to take care of them. It was a longer process than I 've space to describe; but it ended with the mackerel being packed in ice in a long wooden box, and shipped to Boston by car.

The patient horses stood outside and waited for their load, and then trudged off to the dépôt, a distance of nearly three miles.

Sometimes they did not start till twelve or one o'clock at night, and worked till daylight that these boxes might go by the early trains; and not many hours after, some of my little readers may have sat at their city tables eating these very mackerel. Does it seem true?

But 'twas a strange sight to me! It reminded me of the hobgoblin tales of my childhood and possessed the same fascination for me. Lanterns hung upon the oily wooden rafters and cast flickering lights upon the men. Some were working with knives, some were counting the fish into the boxes; some sprinkling the ice all over them, while others stood at clumsy wooden mills grinding the ice.

A square hole was cut in the middle of the

floor, through which they swept the dirt into the water below, and up through that came the sullen plash, plash, of the dark waters, and mingled with the noisy mills and low talk of the men. I never shall forget it; it was all so weird, and neither could you, if you had seen it.

But I presume you would like the runs upon the sea-shore, and to dig wells in the sand till you came to water; or, better still, to dig ovens in the sand banks and bake the sand pies, as I have done for many an hour, when I was a little sun-bonneted school-girl.

How it would take your breath away to go across the water on excursions as we sometimes do, and walk and frolic upon the shore which stretches for miles and miles to where the waves come in like angry sea-monsters. "Breakers" they are called, and rightly too; for when the wind is high, they are very large and high, and smash boats, vessels, and all within their reach. We love to run down in our bathing suits and watch them as they come tumbling in, and then run up on shore and let them chase us. I wouldn't advise my little folks to do it, for we only venture to do so when they are in their best humor, and the day is calm and sunny.

But this letter is long enough for little folks to read at one time, and I haven't told you how we fish, — little children and all. Well, you must wait another month.

C. D. N.

For The Dayspring.

BREAD ON THE WATERS.

My mother tells me that, when a child, one summer she attended school a mile from her home, where she took her dinner with her in a small tin pail. Often at noon she would go with other girls to a pond near the schoolhouse, where they would stand by the water's edge and throw pieces of bread from their dinner-pails upon the smooth surface of the pond. One of the older girls at school had told the younger ones that it was written in the Bible: "Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shall find it after many days." A day or two after these children had thrown their bread into the water, they would go to the opposite side of the pond, where they would see it floating near the shore. My mother said that this was one of her earliest convictions that the Bible must be true, for the experiment was repeated a number of times, and the children never failed in finding the bread. It was some years later that they learned the deeper meaning of the text. Mother says she often thought of it the past summer when on a return to her native town she was made the recipient of favors that she or her family were formerly able to bestow. My grandfather always kept one or two horses, so that when she lived at her early home she had the privilege of riding when she wished, and of inviting those to accompany her who were not thus favored. After she was married, my father always had a horse, and I recall many a Sunday morning his sending his horse and carriage to take a family to church who lived more than a mile distant, and which we lived near. He would often offer his horse to the clergyman of our parish, too. I think that people would do well to be more thoughtful in this respect, for country ministers have little to spare from their salaries for horse-hire; and, though occasionally invited to ride with others, they do like sometimes to hold the reins themselves, and drive where they please.

Two years since, I was in a neighboring State, trying to obtain a class in a study to which I had paid special attention, when I received great assistance from a lady who formerly lived in the town in which I resided. On expressing my obligations to her, she replied, "I am thankful enough to do any thing

for your family, so many times did your father give me a ride home from school years ago, when I attended the academy near your house, and from which I lived more than a mile. And in many other ways, too, did he help me and my widowed mother when our means were small." And so this past summer, when mother and I boarded near our old home and had no horse at our disposal, when some one invited us to ride, — as it often happened, — mother would say, "We are receiving the bread after many days."

I would have the young readers of the Dayspring know that there are many ways of doing good other than the one I have mentioned. Whenever we lend a helping hand, we are casting bread, which, though we may not receive ourselves, our mothers, our sisters, or some one whom we love may find after many days.

When in our Sunday-school lesson for July 27, we came to the words, "Other men labored, and ye are entered into their labors," how overwhelming was the thought of what had been done for us by others, the benefit of which we are now reaping! At the same time were we not stimulated to do all we could for others that our lives might prove a blessing?

A few years since, an educated man with little leisure offered to assist me and a friend of mine, in our Latin, — a study which we wished to continue on leaving school. At the end of the season, after he had spent many an evening in hearing our recitations and otherwise helping us, we offered to compensate him for his trouble. He replied, "If you wish to pay me, you can do it in no more acceptable way than by yourselves helping some one whom you find needing your assistance." Thus we see that they who cast the bread are not always the ones who find it, but the finding is sure to follow the casting.

Many a man has planted trees, the shade and fruit of which will bless others alone, he being too far advanced in years to see the result of his labors.

The readers of the Dayspring can find some one needing their help every day, and amid their studies, work, or play, can be casting bread upon the waters, which will be surely found again. M.

For The Dayspring.

MAYBELLS.

FROM THE GERMAN.

"MAMMA, what I have found just see!
Who brought these pretty flowers to me?"

Darling, these are Spring's bright flowers,
He makes the world with them look gay;
And you from out his lovely bowers
Have stolen them away.

"Herr Spring is he, mamma? then
He is mighty among men."

Strong and lordly is Herr Spring,
The woods and fields all own his sway,
To rob him is no trifling thing:
Hark! there he comes, but you must stay.

"Is Herr Spring wicked, mamma dear?
Tell me, I am full of fear."

What, weeping? No: you shall not cry.
Little darling, come to me;
Listen to the wind's soft sigh
In the branches, — that is he.

"What is he saying, mamma dear?
No angry words that I can hear."

Let my flowers, he says, entwine
With your curls, my little child;
To your eyes and heart a sign
That the Spring is good and mild.

"Will you not call Herr Spring here?
I would kiss him, mamma dear."

All dear children Herr Spring loveth,
Everlasting his own childhood,
And his joy in them increaseth
When they're merry, gay, and good.

F. B. T.

TESTING HER INNOCENCE.

THE following touching scene occurred in a Parisian court of justice: —

"A poor, pale, wan seamstress was arraigned for theft. She appeared at the bar with a baby of eleven or twelve months in her arms, her child. She went to get some work one day, and stole three gold coins of 10f. each. The money was missed soon after she left her employer, and a servant was sent to her rooms to claim it. The servant found her about to quit her rooms, with the three gold coins in her hand. She said to the servant: 'I was going to carry them back to you.' Nevertheless she was carried to the Commissioner of Police, and he ordered her to be sent before the Police Court for trial. She was too poor to engage a lawyer, and when asked by the Judge what she had to say for herself, she answered: 'The day I went to my employer's, I carried my child with me. It was in my arms as it is now. I was not paying attention to it. There were several gold coins on the mantelpiece, and unknown to me it stretched out its little hand, and seized three pieces, which I did not observe until I got home. I at once put on my bonnet, and was going back to my employer to return them, when I was arrested. This is the solemn truth, as I hope for Heaven's mercy.'

"The court could not believe this story. They upbraided the mother for her impudence in endeavoring to palm off such a manifest lie for the truth. They besought her for her own sake to retract so absurd a tale, for it could have no effect, but oblige the court to sentence her to a much severer punishment than they were disposed to inflict upon one so young and evidently steeped so deep in poverty. These appeals had no effect, except to strengthen the poor mother's pertinacious adherence to her original story. As this firmness was sustained by that look of innocence which the most adroit criminal can never counterfeit, the court were at some loss to discover what decision justice demanded. To relieve their embarrassment, one of the judges proposed to renew the scene described by the mother. Three gold coins were placed on the clerk's table. The mother was requested to assume the position in which she said she stood at her employer's house. There was then a breathless pause in court. The baby soon discovered the bright coin, eyed it for a moment, smiled, and then stretched forth its tiny hand and clutched them in its fingers with a miser's eagerness. The mother was acquitted."

A PROBLEM SOLVED.

A TURKISH testator left his eldest son one-half of his horses, his second son one-third of his horses, his third son one-ninth of his horses; the testator had seventeen horses. The executor did not know what to do, as seventeen will neither divide by two nor by three nor by nine. A dervise came up on horseback, and the executor consulted him. The dervise said, "Take my horse and add him to the others." There were then eighteen horses. The executor then gave to the eldest son one-half, nine; to the second son, one-third, six; to the third son, one-ninth, two: total, seventeen. The dervise then said, "You don't want my horse now; I will take him back again."

"WHEN *alone*, guard your thoughts.
When in the *family*, guard your temper.
When in *company*, guard your words."

"WHO blesses others in his daily deeds,
Will find the healing that his spirit needs;
For every flower in others' pathway strewn
Confers a fragrant beauty on our own."

BOOK NOTICES.

LEE & SHEPARD have lately published "Golden Sunbeams," a collection of new music for the Sunday school and Home Circle, by D. F. Hodges and J. H. Tenney; "The Morning Star," a collection of new music for choirs, singing-schools, conventions, &c., by D. F. Hodges and G. W. Foster; and "Pronouncing Handbook of Words often Mispronounced," by Richard Soule and Loomis J. Campbell, containing three thousand words.

For the young folks, they have issued "The Yacht Club," by Oliver Optic, and "John Godsoe's Legacy," by Rev. Elijah Kellogg.

J. R. OSGOOD & COMPANY have issued a Diamond Edition of Longfellow's "Christus, a Mystery." It consists of three parts: "The Divine Tragedy," "The Golden Legend," and "The New-England Tragedies."

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL SOCIETY.

THE *Nineteenth Annual Meeting* of this Society will be held at MANCHESTER, N.H., on the *Fifteenth* and *Sixteenth* of the present month.

The people of Rev. C. B. Ferry's Society are very hospitable, and will take good care of all who attend. Let every Sunday school be represented by the minister, superintendent, and as many teachers as possible. It will be a good meeting, and ought to be a very large one.

THE BEST HEART.

[A Christian sentiment set in a gem of verse. From the German of Rückert's "Wisdom of the Brahmin."]

AMONG the precious stones that is the choicest one
Which cuts them all, yet can, itself, be cut by none.
But best of human hearts is that which would from others
Far sooner bear all wounds than wound, itself, a brother's.

C. T. B.

Puzzles.

22.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

A FRUIT that grows in sunny clime;
A city, great in olden time;
Wherever found, the traveller's home;
The time when glows the starlit dome;
The twin-born sons, in heaven a sign;
A famous scribe of Jewish line;
The early glow of coming day:
To all, will these the name display
Of sweetest flower in autumn seen, —
Its blue above its robe of green.

23.

My first makes my second; my whole calls from earth to heaven.

24.

SQUARE WORD.

A flower; a gem; a bag; animals.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

19. — T yp E
R eape R
U R
T atto O
H ono R
Truth — Error.

20. — Imp — end; — impend.

21. — M I N D
I D E A
N E S T
D A T E.

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